

RECKLESS RALPH'S

DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP

A monthly magazine devoted to the collecting, preservation and literature of the old-time dime and nickel novels, libraries and popular story papers.
Published by Ralph F. Cummings, Box 75, Fisherville, Mass., U. S. A.
Price \$2.00 per year

Ad Rates: 5c per word, 75c per inch, quarter page \$2.00, half page \$3.00, full page \$5.00. Four times for the price of three.

Vol. 16

August 1948

No. 191

AN INTERVIEW WITH JESSE JAMES

By P. J. Moran

The thing is so fantastic, and at first sight seems so preposterous that if he didn't have such evidence to back him up, a man might well hesitate to speak of it, for fear of being looked upon as a candidate for the bug house. If unsupported by the evidence, given as much prominence in newspapers as it has, I might well be afraid to have this published, for it sounds about as strange, even **stranger**, than that dream story regarding the James Boys, offered by one of the H. H. B. members some time ago, and I think the thing is so much like a dream that it is a good comparison. But this is one of the cases where that old saying about truth being stranger than fiction seems to work.

To begin with, on May 20, 1948, The San Francisco News had a big piece of news on the front page about a "scoop" made the day before by the LAWTON CONSTITUTION, of Lawton, Oklahoma. The headline said "JESSE JAMES REPORTED ALIVE AT 100," carried front page illustrations and the story of the "Scoop" made by the Oklahoma paper. Later, I ordered copies from the publishers of the CONSTITUTION. Their paper gave about as much prominence to the story as they might to a general election. Big headlines and illustrations took up most of the front page and nearly two full pages of illustrations and details inside. The story simply defies imagination, and is the kind of scoop for a newspaper man to dream about, but to seldom realize,

Well, that was all O. K., and was so strange that I hardly knew how much to believe, and to wonder if it was all a big hoax and would be exposed eventually, like other such stories, chiefly of the kind that have been played up sometimes in Sunday magazines. But this story doesn't fade. It has grown in strength, as anyone may learn on investigation. But my chief object in this article is to give some ideas of the OAKLAND (California) end of the story.

Recently, the radio happened to be turned on where I am employed by Uncle Sam, and I heard a surprising announcement. I had thought what a fine thing it would be (supposing that the said Jesse James was genuine) if one could visit Lawton, Oklahoma, and talk to him. But the newspaper said that his location was kept secret to avoid too many visitors. But the radio announcer was telling us what a fine show the rodeo would be at the Oakland Stadium on Sunday, July 4th. And that in addition to the usual rodeo attractions of bronco busting, steer roping, etc., we would have with us the real Jesse James for a visitor. One of the men hurried over and told me about it, but my ears were already on the alert.

That night I had my son to make an investigation and learned that sure enough the man known at Lawton, Oklahoma, as Jesse James, was to be at the rodeo as one of the attractions, coming from Lawton in an airplane. About seventy years ago, I guess if the management of such a show knew he was coming, they would have been worried about their gate receipts. But this time they didn't need to worry.

Besides, he was suffering from a fractured hip and was carried to the big show on a stretcher in an ambulance and was carried around the race ring in a big open top car and exhibited to the great crowds, together with his friend Al Jennings, 85, a former Oklahoma bandit, who had been pardoned by President Theodore Roosevelt about forty years ago, and who since that time has lived an exemplary life, and who came up from Los Angeles to take part in the July 4th celebration. And now, for what I regard as the crowning proof of Jesse James identity, just read the following clipping from the Oakland Tribune of July 4, 1948:

Jesse James and Al Jennings in Reunion Here

An aged man, who calls himself Jesse James, the famous outlaw, was identified as "real" yesterday by Al Jennings, 85, once a famous badman in his own right.

It was a shootin' match that decided the issue, said Jennings, a shootin' match that took place more than 70 years ago.

The two men, Jesse, a bedridden invalid of 100, and Jennings, a wiry, sharp little man, embraced with tears running down their cheeks in a Leamington Hotel room.

Jennings said he was doubtful when he came here from Los Angeles to take part in the San Leandro Chamber of Commerce July 4 celebration with the man who claims to be Jesse James.

Then he entered the hotel room and saw the old man lying on the bed. They looked at each other and Jennings spoke:

"Hello, Jesse, remember me?"

"You bet I do, Al, it was a shootin' match—you won it."

'No Doubt About It'

Then, speaking to a group of people gathered to witness this reunion, Jennings said in a voice choked with emotion:

"There ain't a bit of doubt about it on earth, it's Jesse."

Then Jennings went on to tell about the shootin' match between himself and the James boys.

"I was a youngster about 11 or 12 years old on the C-Dot-G Ranch in Texas. The James boys came to the ranch and Jesse scoffed at me because

I was so little and carrying a gun."

But Jennings outshot both the James boys in a shooting match, hitting a tin can three times. Neither Frank nor Jesse hit the can at all.

The white-haired centenarian chuckled and said: "I always 'talked up' my shootin' even though I was only a little better than average. But with people thinking I was such a good shot I didn't have to shoot so much."

Repeats Identification

Jennings repeated over and over, always stirred with emotion at the realization to which he had come, that this man was Jesse James.

"I knew that face instantly, fellas, honest to God I did. I can't get over it," he declares.

"I was with Frank (James) before he died," Jennings said.

"I know you were, Al," said the man on the bed. "Mamma died 10 years before."

They talked over old times. Neither of them ever met again after that shooting match, but Jennings became a fast friend of Jesse's brother, Frank.

"Frank told me after Jesse was supposed to have been killed that he was still alive. I believed him, too, but I thought surely Jesse had died since," Jennings recalled.

"Did you know Bud Ledbetter?" asked Jesse.

"Know him, exclaimed Jennings, "I shot him. I got five years for it."

James said the man shot by Bob Ford and mistaken for him was Charles Bigelow, a Pinkerton detective.

"You can look up a lot of things about me," he said, "They're all wrong."

The man Jennings says is really Jesse James had been living under the alias of J. Frank Dalton. Why that name

"My mother was a Dalton," he says.

Finally, after all these years, he revealed his identity and his story was published last month in the Lawton, Okla., Constitution.

Descendants of the James family have scoffed at his claims.

At the rodeo, Al Jennings did the talking. Jesse had nothing to say. In the old days, he might have had a few short crisp remarks to make to the gate man regarding financial matters, but as the announcer said, he and Al Jennings belonged to a past age. Al

said that at one time he (Al) had been in the bank and railroad business, referring to his holdups, but he remarked that he didn't consider himself as having been much worse than those who did the same thing legally at the time. Jesse sat on the back seat.

After the show, I told my boy to drive down to the Hotel Leamington, where Jesse was stopping, but he wasn't available, probably resting up for the night show. So we went home, and after some ineffectual attempts to get hold of Al Jennings, I concluded to try to call Jesse himself. He probably had the phone by his bed, for he answered immediately. He stays in bed much of the time on account of the fractured hip. I told him I had known Frank James, and that I had a book, written by Jesse James, Jr., which I would like to bring him. He told me to come right down as he would soon have to leave, probably for the night show. So with two of my boys and one of their friends a hurried trip was made to the hotel.

We were met at the door of his room by an athletic-appearing man and at once escorted to his bed side. He seemed to be glad to see us, and after I had talked to him for a few minutes, he had a brief coughing spell. I offered to leave him on that account, but he said not to leave, that the coughing was not serious. It seemed I was able to talk about interesting things about his old acquaintances and friends. Incidentally, I gave him the book written by Jesse James, Jr.

I told him how I had seen Frank James in Marion, Indiana, at different times, in 1900, where he was a starter of horse races. I mentioned Cole Younger, Jim Cummings, Clell Miller. I asked him about Polk Wells and his interest was great. "Polk Wells," he exclaimed, "Why I haven't heard him mentioned before for about forty years. Why, he was my good friend."

I said, "I understand he was your comrade?"

"He was!" Jesse answered, emphatically. "He was my comrade and a good soldier."

I told him that I thought Frank James was about my build. He said no, that he was slimmer and taller. It so happened that I had on a heavy overcoat. Also, it was just about 48

years since I had seen Frank James. I mentioned that Frank had a black mustache. He said no, that it was nearly black, though, being dark brown. He said Frank was four years older than himself.

I tried to realize that I was talking to the old original Jesse James, but it was hard to do. It was more like a dream. He looks very old, but aside from his fractured hip seems healthy and strong. He still wears the mustache and goatee, Buffalo Bill style, reminding one a little of his picture in illustrations of his adventures as shown on front covers of Street & Smith's "JESSE JAMES STORIES." As I noted all those things, I cannot describe my feelings then and immediately afterwards. I must leave it to the imagination. But I will say that the evidence produced by the LAW-TON CONSTITUTION was clinched by that little conversation with Al Jennings at the Leamington Hotel, as quoted in the clipping submitted with this article.

Jesse seemed to wonder if I was a "damyank." I said I came from southern Indiana, and that my mother was a hot Democrat during the Civil War. That seemed satisfactory, and he remarked that there were lots of good Southerners living along the Ohio River.

I told him my mother took the Cincinnati Enquirer at that time and that the Abolitionists burned it out for telling the truth about the battles and the Northern losses, and one issue was missed entirely and the next was a half sheet. He seemed to remember something about it and I told him that the news sometimes indicated that about twenty Northern soldiers were lost, to one Southerner. He said well, in one battle there was a blunder or something "and three yanks got away from us, but we got them later, though."

We discussed members of the old band. I asked him if he knew Rube Burrows. He said yes, but that Rube wasn't as much of a fighter as people might think, and that he thought he finally died in prison, and if I remember correctly, that Jim Cummings died in a Confederate soldiers home in Missouri about 1929. As to himself, as I was about to leave, he made a humorous remark to the effect that he

had been dead a long time.

So, summing up all the evidence in the case, the lot of it which I got from the LAWTON CONSTITUTION, and the further evidence I gathered right here in Oakland, California, I am just about one hundred per cent convinced that the man I interviewed at the Leamington Hotel, Oakland, California, on Sunday, July 4, 1948, was the real, genuine, historical Jesse James, who with his brother Frank belonged to Quantrell's guerillas in the Civil War. It is not impossible. And yet, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the whole thing is another big hoax. Take your choice. I am nearly convinced myself, but doubts will crop up. It all seems almost too fantastic.

COMIC BOOK CODE PLEDGED

New York, 7/19/48—The Association of Comics Magazine publishers yesterday adopted a "comics code" pledging them to "good wholesome entertainment or education."

The association said it already had the agreement of 14 publishers to abide by the code and promised an intensive drive to get the cooperation of all the comics magazine publishers in the U. S.

The code calls upon members to realize their "responsibility to the millions of readers of comics magazines and to the public generally." It asks that they "in no event include in any magazine comics that may in any way lower the moral standards of those who read them."

In particular, the code requires:

"1. Sexy, wanton comics should not be published. No drawing should show a female indecently or unduly exposed and in no event more nude than in a bathing suit commonly worn in the U. S. A.

"2. Crime should not be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy against law and justice or to inspire others with the desire for imitation. No comics shall show the details and methods of a crime committed by a youth. Policemen, judges, government officials, and respected institutions should not be portrayed as stupid or ineffective, or represented in such a way as to weaken respect for established authority.

"3. No scenes of sadistic torture

should be shown.

"4. Vulgar and obscene language should never be used. Slang should be kept to a minimum and used only when essential to the story.

"5. Divorce should not be treated humorously nor represented as glamorous or alluring.

"6. Ridicule of or attack on any religious or racial group is never permissible."

FAVORITES OF YESTERDAY

By Hermon Pitcher

E. P. ROE

On March 7, 1838, ten years, lacking a month, after the birth of Mary Jane Holmes, was born the man who became, during her middle life, her greatest contemporary rival, and wrote novels that even outsold hers, at that time.

But it was not until 1875 that his books began to appear. Born at New Windsor, N. Y., and educated at Williams College, he became a chaplain during the Civil War, and was later pastor of a Presbyterian church at Highland Falls, N. Y. He settled at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he devoted himself to the cultivation of small fruits, and to literature.

From that time until nearly up to the time of his death on July 19, 1888, he was a voluminous and popular writer of works which were lacking in the first principles of modern realism, and yet appealed so strongly to the imagination of the middle classes by their hearty support of virtue in the most trying circumstances. The ideal world which he represented put all its rewards within the reach of industry and integrity.

One of his most popular novels is "Barriers Burned Away," a story of the great Chicago fire. Others are "Without A Home," "Near to Nature's Heart," "From Jest to Earnest," "A Day of Fate," "Opening a Chestnut Burr," "A Face Illuminated," "His Sombre Rivals," "An Original Belle," "The Hornet's Nest," "A Knight of the 19th Century," and "Driven Back to Eden."

A critic said of him: "He never tried to reach men and women of great intellectual capacity, and wisely refused to change his style and work from that which appealed to the mass of struggling men and women. None

could charge him with sensationalism nor affectation. His modesty admitted deficiencies in his work, but the many letters which passed into his hands from total strangers, and the unprecedented sales of his works, proved that he was vitally in accord with the hearts of his fellowmen."

His books have retained their popularity to a wonderful degree, and have exerted no small influence for good on a large audience that cared little for more classical literature.

NEWSY NEWS

By Ralph F. Cummings

Carl Linville, 972 Windsor St., Cincinnati, Ohio, is visiting here with me for a few days. This is his first trip up to see Bro. Cummings, Wakefield, Henry, and other Brothers up here in the east. Expect to take him up to the Worcester Centennial Parade 1848-1948 which will be held Sunday Aug. 1st. Frank Henry, Clyde Wakefield and myself will be in the parade dressed as Indians, as we are members of the "Improved Order of Redmen." Carl is going to enjoy himself a lot. Bill Erle from New York City, will be up here Aug. 5th, and Samuel Olmhausen of East Liverpool, Ohio expects to be up some time in August.

Mistakes corrected in last issue of Roundup. July, page 58 reference after the item Whittaker should of course, be Banner Weekly and not New York Weekly, which as you all know is S & S paper. P. 60. Not E but F (for Francis) Marion Crawford, a very prominent novelist of 50 years ago. Born in Italy in 1854 of American parents, and died in 1909. He lived abroad most of his life.

Albert Tannenbaum says there is a fine article on the old Police Gazette in the American Mercury for July 1948.

Another one of our members has bit the dust, as our friend Frisco Bert Couch would say. Fred Lee reports that H. P. Palmer, 35 Hillside Ave., Youngstown, Ohio, died several months ago. God bless him always.

Mrs. E. Burke Collins was an old flame (sweetheart) of Wm. J. Benners, and many letters she sent Uncle Billie were signed "Gussie."

David C. Adams, of Los Angeles, Calif., has had a pretty tough time of it for the past 4 or 5 years, when a

couple of negros waylaid and robbed him one night. Dave began to use his fists and one of his assailants used a blackjack on him, so he's been a very sick man ever since. Help cheer him up fellows, see his address in ad in this paper.

Harry A. Weill, 600 W. 157th St., Apt. 27, New York City, says it was around 1890 that he started to read Golden Hours. Thinks the Hiram the Hayseed by Fred, was the first.

Carl Linville wants to know if any one has or knows of an old song, called "Please Mr. Conductor, don't put me off the Train." It's a song of a small boy that was on the train, and he didn't have any money to pay his fare, so passengers took up a collection for him and paid his fare. So if any one has this song write to Carl. See his address at the head of this column.

Roscoe B. Martin, Forestville, N. Y. writes that he has first 4 issues of Beadles Dime Novels, and that they are in a safe deposit box too. No. 1, Malaeska, he sent down to Boston to be appraised. They sent it back to him with a somewhat ill reply, that it wasn't a first, and was not in good condition, so a while after that Bro. Bragin wrote him, after he had received a complete list of it, that it was a first edition. Charlie Bragin ought to know.

Frank O'Brien, editor of the New York Sun, was a collector of these books, also he was a long time friend of mine and especially of my brother, who was equally well known as O'Brien. And I never knew that O'Brien was a collector of Beadles until after his death.

Remember Kenneth Daggett said Nos. 53 to 59 of Tip Top were never printed in book form of any kind. A little mistake, it should have been Nos. 33 to 39 also Nos. 61 and 66. In fact, No. 66 was never written by Patten, Burt L. Standish with the exception of Nos. 38 and 39 that some one else wrote. My mistake fellows.

THE DIME NOVEL

(1833)

The dime novel, which is the literary bugaboo of a certain class of reformers, was made the subject of a bill in the last New York legislature, the provisions of which are as fol-

lows:

Any person who shall sell, loan or give to any minor under 16 years of age any dime novel or book of fiction, without first obtaining the written consent of the parents or guardian of such minor, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment or by a fine not to exceed \$50.

This bill, which is cast in the same spirit of silly paternal legislation as the celebrated cigarette act upon our statute book, did not pass, for it was ridiculed to death by the New York Sun. The Sun, with mock gravity, said that a schedule should be annexed to the bill prescribing legislative definitions of a dime novel and a book of fiction. What are known as dime novels could be sold at 11 cents each, and then they would be dime novels no longer. "A mere reprint of the parables of our Lord," says the Sun, "would be a book of fiction, for it was by simple and striking stories that Christ taught some of the most impressive lessons to be found in the scripture."

The Sun fairly said of this sort of legislation: "When a man undertakes to deal by legislation with the injurious influences of a form of literature which seems occasionally to excite criminal tendencies in youthful readers, he needs to be a man of sense. If he is such a person, he soon learns that law can do so little in the way of a remedy that it had better let the subject alone."

DIME NOVELS

How One Boy was Cured of His Liking for Them

(1884)

(From the Congregationalist)

"Ralph, did you bring that package from the office?"

"Yes sir," said the boy, clinging with one hand to Rover's collar, which he was trying to fasten, while with the other he drew a package from his pocket.

"Ah!" said Mr. Clark, "what have we here?"

Ralph turned quickly and saw in his father's hand a book he had not intended to submit to his approval.

"The Horse-Thief of the Pines, or Red Headed Jim," read Mr. Clark. "Is this yours, Ralph?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the boy; "I bought it this afternoon."

"I think I will read it," said the father, examining critically a coarse wood-cut representing four masked men carrying the apparently lifeless body of another. "Mary," said he, glancing significantly at his wife, "suppose we have this read aloud?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "I have heard of those books; they are said to be intensely interesting."

"Very well," said Mr. Clark. "Ralph shall read it to us. You may choose your own audience my boy; shall it include Bertie and Ethel?"

"Oh, no!" replied Ralph; "they wouldn't enjoy it."

"Taste not cultivated, you think? We will listen to it in the evening, then."

It was not unusual for Ralph to read to his parents; so the situation was not in itself embarrassing. After the children retired the story was begun. Both father and mother listened attentively without comment, but Ralph and his book were treated with respect. The second evening passed like the first. Mrs. Clark, noticing signs of weariness in the boy's voice, offered to relieve him. Taking the book she gravely read: The girl's arrival was announced by a piercing shriek. She rushed at the man in the awfulest way, saying: "Stop, you beast!" In an instant she had seized the great mallet and struck him a blow upon the head. We could hear his skull crack. It was awful!"

This language seemed so unsuited to his mother's gentle voice that Ralph was glad when his father, who evidently shared the boy's feeling, offered to continue the reading.

"Jim knew not which to admire most, the glorious eyes, coral lips, golden hair and buxom form of this enchanting fairy, or the dark, spirituelle, statuesque, marble-like maiden by her side. He was in fact, deeply in love with both," read Mr. Clark, in earnest, dignified tones, which seemed to poor Ralph to make the story unnecessarily absurd.

FASCINATING ILLUSTRATED catalogs of dime novel thrillers FREE. Send me list of the kind you particularly like, so I can send you lists of your favorites I have for sale or swap.

Chas. H. H. Bragin 1525 West 12th St., Brooklyn 4, N. Y.

PARTIAL LIST OF MEMBERS FOR 1948 of H. H. BRO.

4. J. Edward Leithead, 5109 Cedar Ave., Phila. 43, Pa. Advisory Board.
47. Wm. B. McCafferty, 124 Cynisca St., Waxahachie, Texas.
58. Thomas W. Figley, Centerbury, Ohio (new address)
64. Fritz Moore, Kansas State College, Manhattan, Kansas.
70. Fred P. Pitzer, 41 Woodlawn Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
71. Harry B. McConnell, Cadiz, Ohio.
80. Thomas Hart, 1500 Walnut St., Phila. 2, Pa.
90. Fred Lee, 4050 Cornelius Ave., Indianapolis 8, Ind.
118. Jack Neiburg, 19 Huntington Ave., Boston 16, Mass.
141. Irven N. Arnold, Route 1, Hopedale, Ohio.
160. F. A. Beverly, Lauderdale, Miss.

**THINK OF BOOKS, AND YOU
THINK OF ALFRED HORSEY**

Collector of Ancient and modern American and British Boys Weeklies. Duplicates for sale, or exchanges offered. Music-hall and theatrical programmes, playbills and periodicals also collected.

WANTED

Bound volume or loose consecutive numbers Boys of London and New York.

Write:

60 Salcombe Road, Walthamstow
London, E. 17, England.

Visit Edward Morrill & Son, Inc., new shop at 1252 Massachusetts Avenue, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass. Easily reached from Boston. Good parking facilities. Dime Novels and other books and prints of interest.

**Back to Stay, the Great and Only
THE COLLECTOR'S MISCELLANY**

A Journal for the "Blood Thirsty" readers of the days of yore, when reading was reading, and vice versa! An interesting little magazine, 6 issues—per year price \$1.50, ads 1c per word, size 8x5¼ inches, 16 pages, illus. Can't be beat

Joseph Parks

2 Irvin Avenue, Saltburn-by-the-Sea,
Yorkshire, England

WANTED:—Copies of the Electrical Experimenter; a monthly magazine published between 1914 and 1917.

WANTED:—Any numbers of five cent weekly novels. When writing, give details of condition and the amount you want.

George Flaum

206 Prospect St., Newark, NEW YORK

WANTED

Boys old 5c novels and storypapers. Send lists and prices.

Samuel Olnhausen

824 Chester Ave., East Liverpool, Ohio

WANTED! QUARTERLIES

TIP TOP WEEKLY
DIAMOND DICK, JR.
NICK CARTER

Complete, with all covers in good condition only.

Please quote early single numbers of above weeklies, and any Railroad stories in

COMRADES**by**

**DARE DEVIL DAVE'S
DIME NOVEL DEN**

P. O. Lock Box #5808

Metropolitan Station
Los Angeles 55, California

Charles F. Heartman

421 South Seguin Avenue
New Braunfels, Texas

Printed or in manuscript
relating to
T E X A S

BOUND VOLUMES

Vols. 17 and 18 or both, Our Young People 1897-1898. Pub. by Am. Bap. Pub. Soc. Phila, Pa.

F. F. Johnson

1485 S. East St., Salt Lake City 4 Utah

WANTED

Tip Top Library #14-27-38 and later Weekly #69 in good condition with covers on them. Will give a good price for them.

Carl Linville

972 Windsor St., Cincinnati 6, Ohio

HIGH NUMBERS!!!

Getting Scarcer All the Time and Prices going Up

If you don't believe it; look back three or four years at copies of the ROUNDUP and see how much cheaper they were then.

RIGHT NOW

I have for sale at 50 cents each:

Secret Service 1050 1186 1192 1198 1313.

Wild West 930 1006 1014 1018 1021 1027 1042 1043 1055, also 792 795 797 800 802
807 816 821 828 835 846 851.

Fame & Fortune 451 639 641 644 645 650 652 654 656 659 665 673 678 689
692 698 699 700 701 703 719 767 778 797 798 847 851 853 854 856 859 861
862 864 866 867 868 869 870 871 874 876 880 882 884 887 890 895 982 955
1014 1032 1042.

Pluck & Luck 1061 1225 1238 1244 1248 1263 1273 1275 1276 1340 1526.

Work & Win 806 993 996 1000 1008 1009 1015 1018 1026 1036 1052 1054 1137 1142
1144 1203 1206 1208 1209 1212 1214 1215 1216 1217 1218 1219 1220 1222 1227
1240 1247 1304 1340.

A Rich Boke wants to buy the entire lot, but he is not a member of the H. H. B. and does not care to "jine up" so I won't sell to him until I let the Brothers have first crack.

Usual money-back guarantee if not pleased. These will not last long so remember "the oily boid catches the worm." First to send their money gets um, so no squawking after they are gone nor; "Ooh! Why didn't yer let ME know?" Three years from now they will be worth double or you can get 50 cents worth of reading out of each one so

YOU CAN'T LOSE

DON S. LEARNARD

23 Russell Terrace

Arlington 74, Mass.

FOR SALE

27 years of LITTLE'S Living Age, all in original wrappers, good condition, the lot for \$25.00.

James Boys, Notorious Bank and Train Robbers 50c.

Frank James and his brother Jesse 50c.

Lives and Exploits of Frank and Jesse James 50c.

Jesse James Daring Trick, Jesse James Man Hunter, Jesse James Thrilling Raid, 50c each.

The Younger Brothers, Bank and Train Robbers of the West 50c.

James Boys, The Missouri Bandits 50c

Buffalo Bill and his Wild West Companies 50c

Jesse James My Father 75c

Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue for 1941, fine, \$1

Standard Catalogue of Air Post Stamps for 1933, fine, \$1

American Detective Series #3 4 5 7 9 10 11 12 20 22 26 29 33 34 36 37 38 39 42
at 25c each.

Circling the Globe #13 17 18 19 20 21 22 27 at 25c each.

Adventure Series #7. Dalton Boys, 8 Rube Burrow at 50c each, both 75c.

Adventure Series #88 125 129 133 138 at 25c each.

Peck's Uncle Ike 1901, Red cloth, fine \$1.00

Bad Boy and his Sister, fine 50c

A Bad Boys Diary, fine 50c

Peck's Bass Book, fair 25c

Deadwood Dick Library #4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 18 19 20 25 26 27 28 29
31 32 33 34 35 37 38 29 to 64. 10c each.

Fellows, give second choice, when ordering.

Ralph F. Cummings

Fisherville, Mass.